



COPS

CENTRAL ORGANIZATION OF POLICE SPECIALISTS

8
JAN 89
U.S. \$1.00
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U.K. 50p
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



BY MOENCH,
BRODERICK &
MARCOS

FROM THE ROCKS OUTSIDE, IT'S JUST A NAME
BURNING IN FALSE FLAME.



AND DOWN THIS MEAN PIER--

RAKT!

-- STOMPS SOMETHING EVEN MEANER.

C'MON, BONES, I'M FEELING REAL LUCKY...

...AND THIS'S FOR IT ALL, SO SHOW ME A PERFECT--

SNAKE-EYES?!
 AW, NO-- I JUST LOST
 ALL MY MONEY!
 YOU CAN'T HAVE WORSE
 LUCK THAN THAT! I
 MEAN, WHAT COULD
 HAPPEN--

A comic book panel showing a man in a red suit (Iron Man) being crushed by a large, jagged, metallic object. He has a pained expression and a speech bubble saying "--N-NOW?".

CASE OF COPS FILE #8

ROGUE COP II THE TRAMPOLINE RAMPANT!

THE GLOVES
ARE OFF,
VERMIN!

I WANT
BIG BOSS AND
I WANT HIM
NOW!!



DOUG
MOENCH
writer

PAT
BRODERICK
penciller

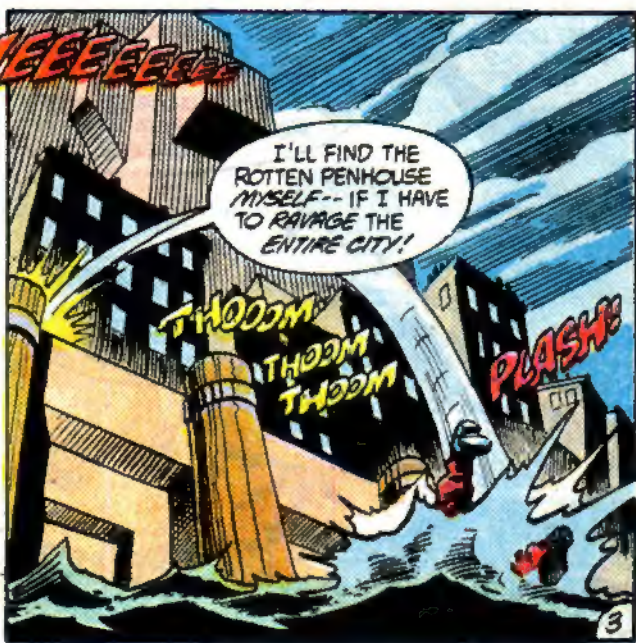
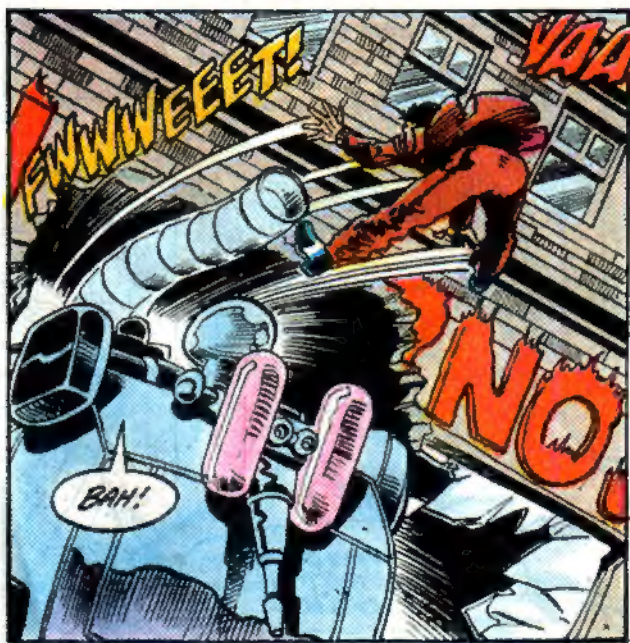
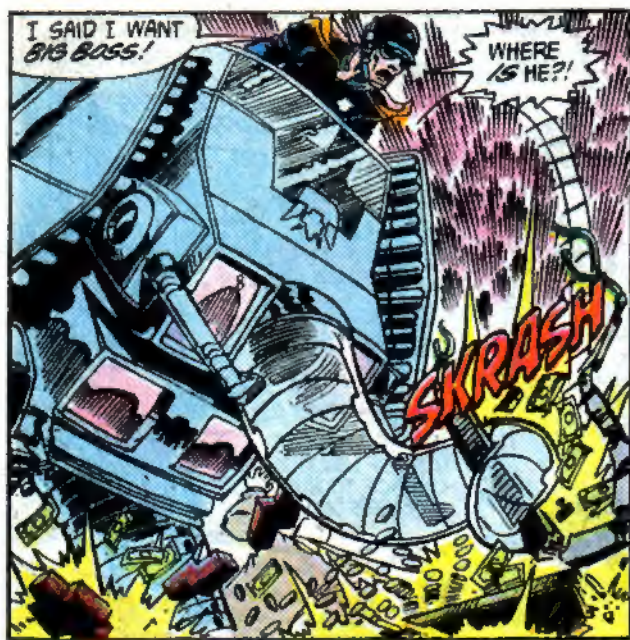
PABLO
MARCOS
inker

JOHN
COSTANZA
letterer

GENE
D'ANGELO
colorist

KEVIN
DOOLEY
asst. editor

ANDREW
HELPER
editor



MORNING: THE PENTHOUSE.

YOU
HEARD
ME.

AS LONG AS WE PRETEND
TO PAY OUR TAXES LIKE THE
REGULAR CITIZENS, WHY
SHOULDN'T WE DESERVE
PROTECTION FROM THIS
MANIAC ROGUE COP?

BIG BOSS SMILES LIKE A FAT SHARK WITH A PUSHED-
IN FACE, HIS CRAFTY LITTLE MIND CHUGGING ALONG...

...AND IT'S ALSO A GOLDEN
OPPORTUNITY FOR SPYIN'...
FOR CHECKIN' OUT
THE OPPOSITION...

...FROM INSIDE
THEIR VERY OWN
SANCTUM OF LAW
AN' ORDER.

WHAT DO YOU
WANT, BIG
BOSS?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, FED
VESS, WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTS
AS CITIZENS-- AND ONE OF
OUR RIGHTS IS PROTECTIVE
CUSTODY FROM THIS
ROGUE COP.

HERE...?!
BUT... BUT
YOU'RE
CROOKS!

PROVE
IT, FIDO.

BUTTONS AN' BADVIBES, YOU MAKE
YOURSELVES SCARE, 'CAUSE AS A RESULT
OF PAST MISCREANCIES, THE COPS
MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE ENOUGH TO PRESS
CHARGES AGAINST YOU TWO.

BUT AS FOR THE
REST OF US, THIS'S OUR
CHANCE TO RUB THE
COPS' NOSES
IN IT...

SOON, AT THE 647TH PRECINCT:

"HONEST, AGENT VESS--
THEY'RE WAITING AT
THE ENTRANCE RIGHT
NOW-- ALL FOUR OF
THEM!"

"ALL RIGHT, BOWSER,
LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'RE
UP TO..."

WHAT DOES HE THINK
WE'VE BEEN TRYING
TO DO?

YOU GOT TWO CHOICES--
THE ONLY TWO THINGS
COPS CAN DO...



YOU CAN ARREST US...

...HEH HEH HEH...

...OR PROTECT US.



YOU KNOW VERY WELL, BIG BOSS, THAT WE LACK SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO--



THEN STEP ASIDE, COPPERS, 'CAUSE THAT LUNATIC ROGUE COP IS HOT ON OUR TAIL--

-- AND WE'RE MOVIN' IN TILL YOUSE FLATFEET NAIL HIM.



GRRRR...

EASY, BOWSER.

EASY--? YOU MEAN WE'RE ACTUALLY GONNA COODLE AND PROTECT CROOKS-- FROM A FELLOW COP?

WE HAVE NO CHOICE. BUT DON'T FORGET ONE THING: THE DAY PAXTON DEAN TURNED ROGUE WAS THE DAY HE CEASED BEING A "FELLOW COP."



SHESH, IS DIS PLACE SHABBY! HOW DO DESE GUYS GIVE US SO MUCH TROUBLE WHEN DIS IS DERE REWARD?

FORGET REWARD, BERSERKO-- CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS IS ALL THEY GOT TO WORK WITH?



WHERE DO YOUSE GUYS GET THE GUMPTION TO COME AT US ANYWAYS? YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T BEAT US, SO WHY NOT BE MORE LIKE US?

YOU MEAN LIKE THE ROGUE COP YOU'RE HIDING FROM?

UH, WELL...

AND IF *WE* TURNED BAD, YOU'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS IN A *WEEK*.

AWRIGHT, SO MAYBE I *DON'T* NEED THE COMPETITION, BUT WHAT *KEEPS* YOUSE GUYS *STRAIGHT*?

WHAT'S YER *INCENTIVE*?

I CAN'T SPEAK FOR THE *OTHERS*, BUT *ME*...

... *MY* INCENTIVE IS A WORK OF ART WHICH EXISTS ONLY IN *MY MIND*-- A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A BIG FAT SLIMEBALL VERTICALLY STRIPED BY TALL THIN SHADOWS.

I CALL THE COM-POSITION: *STUDY OF BIG BOSS, BEHIND .BARS*.

UH... NEH... DREAM ON, COPPER.

I WILL--BECAUSE SOMETIMES, *CRAAK* ... DREAMS COME *TRUE*.

WHILE, OUT IN THE GRITTY STREETS:

WHERE'S *BIG BOSS*?!

D-DEY S-SAY HE TOOK A *P-POWDER*... F-FER *PERFECTION*--

--B-BUT I DUNNO *WH-WHERE*!

FRANK

ONNNNNNN...

STUPID *PUNK*!

HAW! IS DIS REALLY YOUR DESK, VESS?

IT SERVES ME
WELL ENOUGH.

IF IT DOES, DEN DAT'S
ONLY CAUSE YOU AIN'T GOT
NO CLASS.

YOU OUGHTTA SEE MY
DESK--HAND-CARVED
TEAK ANTIQUE.

AND THE ONE I HAD
LAST WEEK--CHINESE
OR BRAZILIAN OR
WHATEVER, WITH ALL
DESE INLAID LITTLE
DESIGN-THINGS.

I TELL YA, MADE
ME FEEL LIKE A BIGGER
SHOT THAN I AM...

... 'CEPT IT SHATTERED
IN MY LAP WHEN I
POUNDED MY FIST TO
MAKE A POINT
ABOUT THE
GAMBLING
REVENUE--

UH, I MEAN... ABOUT
THE GAMBLING
REVELERS I SEEN
IN THE PARK ON
MY MORNINGS
CONSTITUTIONAL.

M-HM.

UH... GEE... AIN'T
IT SUDDENLY GOT
HOT IN HERE?

TINK I'LL
JUST TAKE
A LITTLE WALK...

UHRRRR

HUH--? YD!
CALL OFF DA
DOG!

REHRRR

CALL 'IM
OFF, I SAY!

ALL RIGHT...
EASY, BLITZ.

ROWF?

I KNOW, BOY,
BUT DON'T
WORRY...

WE'LL CALL THE
EXTERMINATORS TOMORROW--
TO FUMIGATE THE PLACE.



OH, YEAH?

I DUNNO ABOUT YOU, FIDO, BUT MY AFTERSHAVE COLOGNE COSTS A YARD AN OUNCE.

THEN SAVE YOUR DIRTY MONEY, SLEAZE, BECAUSE YOU STILL STINK!

ROWF!



WAIT A MINUTE! I KNOW MY RIGHTS! I DON'T HAVTA PUT UP WITH DESE INSULTS!

THAT'S TRUE-- YOU CAN ALWAYS LEAVE.

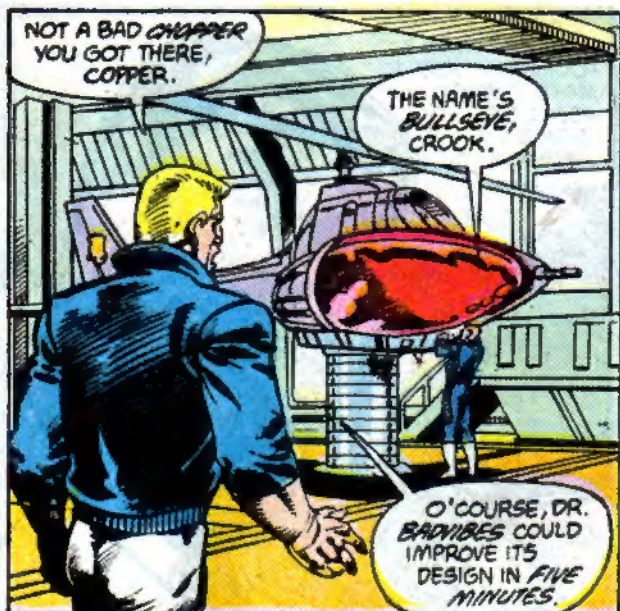
P. VESS



BUT AS BIG BOSS TURNS AWAY, A WINDOW REMINDS HIM OF WHAT LURKS IN THE STREETS...

AHEM. NEVER MIND. THE GREAT ONES HAVE THE ABILITY TO RISE ABOVE THE COMMON NOI-POLLO!

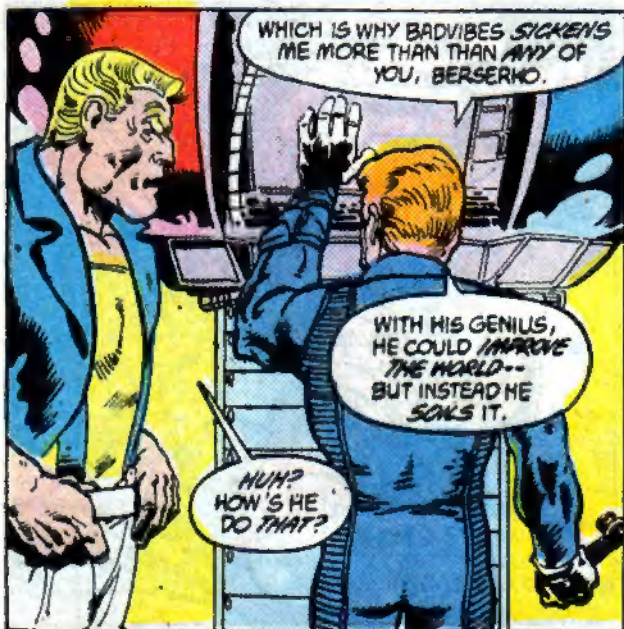
YEAH, YOU DO RESEMBLE A HELIUM-FILLED BALLOON.



NOT A BAD CHAPER YOU GOT THERE, COPPER.

THE NAME'S BULLSEYE, CROOK.

O' COURSE, DR. BADVIBES COULD IMPROVE ITS DESIGN IN FIVE MINUTES.



WHICH IS WHY BADVIBES SICKENS ME MORE THAN ANY OF YOU, BERSERMO.

WITH HIS GENIUS, HE COULD IMPROVE THE WORLD-- BUT INSTEAD HE SOKS IT.

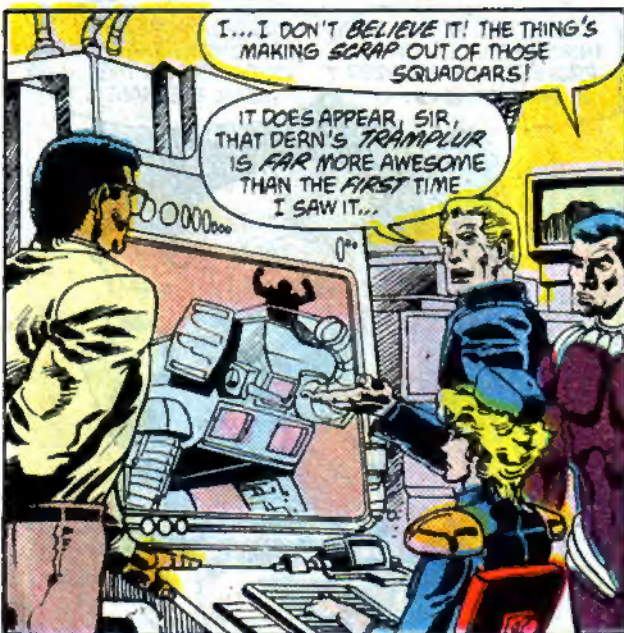
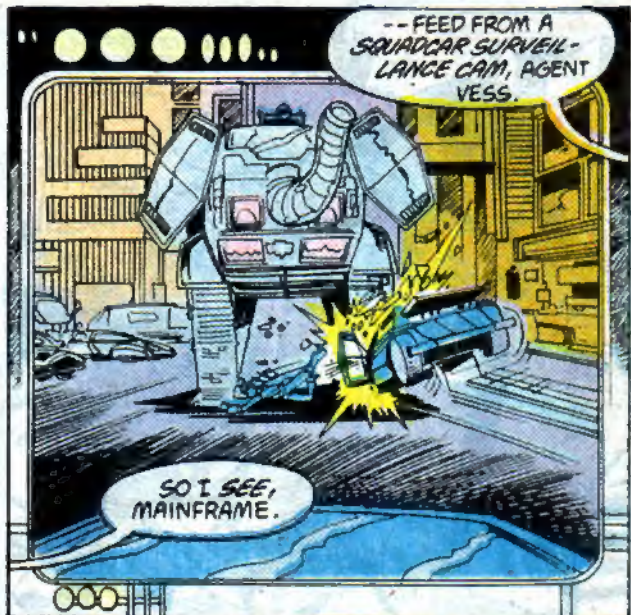
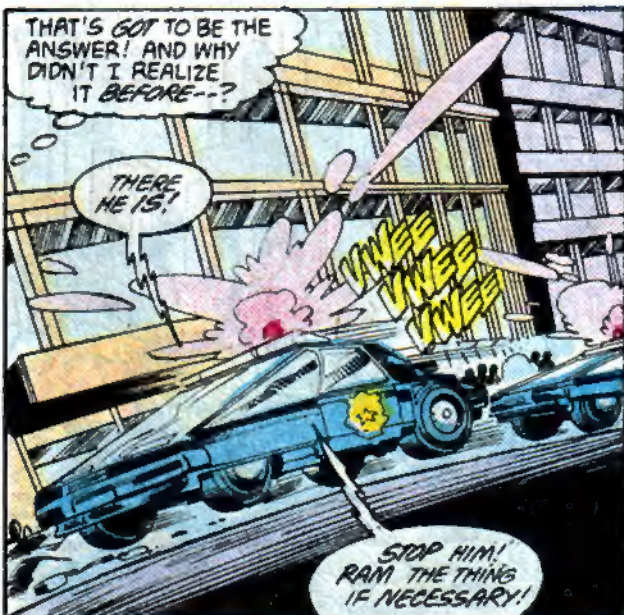
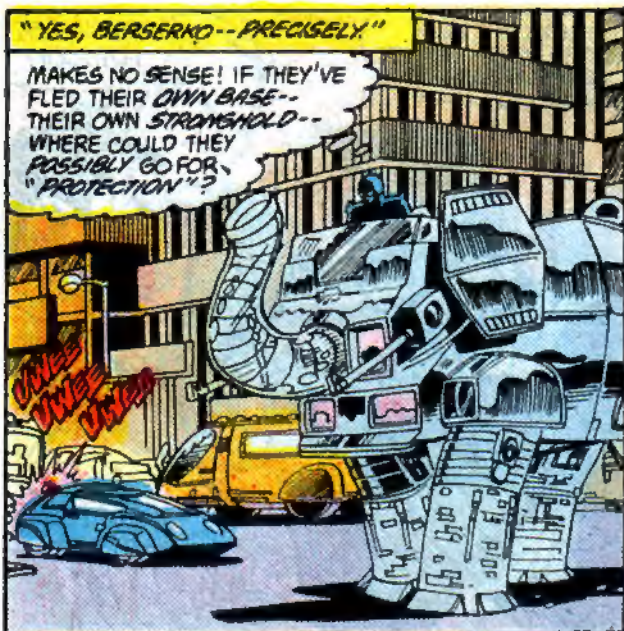
HUH? HOW'S HE DO THAT?



BY SERVING WRONGS INSTEAD OF RIGHT-- EVIL INSTEAD OF GOOD.

BAAD IS GOOD!!

OH, YEAH? SORTA LIKE A CERTAIN ROGUE COP WE ALL KNOW AN' HATE?





BADVIBES WAS KIDNAPPED AND FORGIBLY FORCED TO DO IT--WHILE YOU GINKS WAS OUT HARASSIN' THE CITIZENRY WITH PARKIN' TICKETS.

NOW DO SOMETHIN' TO STOP THAT THING-- BEFORE IT BUSTS IN HERE AN' TRAMPLES US ALL!



HE WOULDN'T DARE COME HERE--NOT TO COPS PRECINCT!

Y'WANNA BET, FLATFOOT?



FOR YOU, SIR--FROM WHAT'S LEFT OF ONE OF THE SOUNDERS.

UH-OH.



THAT'S RIGHT, AGENT VESS--IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT TOWARD THE 647TH PRECINCT RIGHT NOW!

THOOM!
THOOM!
THOOM!



ALL RIGHT, COPS, IT LOOKS LIKE SHOWTIME.

HE IS ON HIS WAY HERE--TO CHALLENGE US RIGHT IN OUR OWN PRECINCT.

NOW, I WANT RESTRAINT FROM ALL OF YOU-- ESPECIALLY YOU, SGT. MACE.



THERE WILL BE NO INNOCENT LIVES OR PROPERTY JEOPARDIZED BY OUR ACTIONS.

FURTHERMORE, WE MAY LOATHE THAT MAN OUT THERE ON THE METAL ELEPHANT...

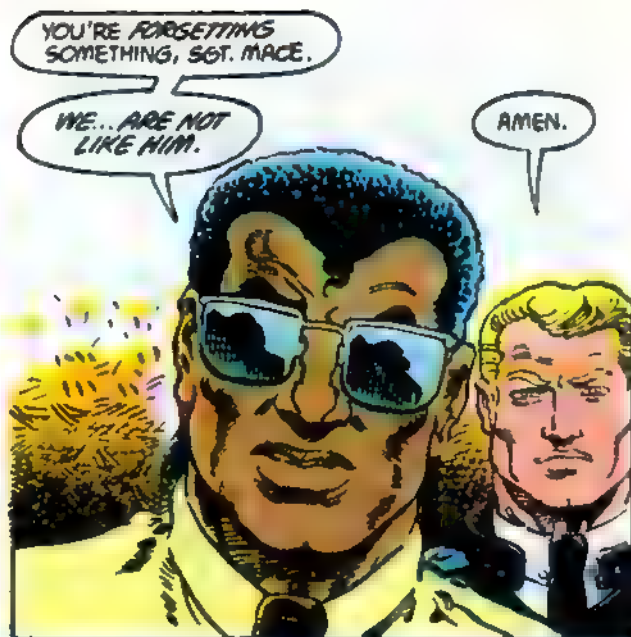
... BUT I WANTED HIM TAKEN ALIVE.



YOU MEAN WE GO OUT THERE WITH OUR HANDS TIED BEHIND OUR BACKS IN KID GLOVES--WHILE HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD?

I SAID I WANT HIM ALIVE.

AND I SAY HE WON'T BAT AN EYE OVER KILLING US



YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, SGT. MACE.

WE... ARE NOT LIKE HIM.

AMEN.



YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR.

AYED.

AGREED.

SHEESH--DESE GUYS AIN'T FOR REAL!



OUTSIDE THE PRECINCT, SCORES OF EMPIRE CITY'S REGULAR POLICE HASTILY CONVERGE.

THEIR RANKING OFFICER TURNS FROM HIS RADIO TO GRAB A BULLHORN...

LISTEN UP, MEN! THESE ORDERS ARE STRAIGHT FROM ASENT VESS VIA MAYOR DAVIS! WE DO NOT GET INVOLVED!



WE STAND ASIDE AND LET THE ROGUE PASS! WE LET COPS HANDLE HIM!

THAT'S LOUSY--Z WANTED A PIECE OF THIS GUY HIMSELF...

YEAH--A LUNATIC LIKE HIM MAKES US ALL LOOK BAD...

I REPEAT: NO INTERFERENCE!

AND DESPITE SOME GRUMBLING, THE NORMAL COPS GIVE WAY--

THOOM THOOM THOOM

-- FORMING A GANTLET STRAIGHT TO THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.

DON'T SMOLDER SO MUCH, BOYS.

I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR-- DOING WHAT ALL OF YOU, DEEP IN YOUR HEARTS, WANT TO DO!

IT STARTS SOFTLY, A MURMURED REFRAIN...

GET HIM, COPS.

TAKE HIM DOWN.

THEN IT BUILDS, TO A LOUDER CHORUS ..

GET HIM, COPS!

BUST H.M. COPS!

COPS! COPS! COPS!

...UNTIL, FINALLY, IT BECOMES A CLAMOROUS CHANT.

HEAR THAT, P.J.?

YES, DONNY... AND WE CAN'T LET THEM DOWN.

THE EXAMPLE OF EVERY COP WHO EVER WENT BAD IS RIDING ON THAT TRAMPLUR--

-- AND THE HONOR OF EVERY GOOD COP ON THE STREET IS RIDING ON COPS...

"WE CAN'T LET THAT HONOR BE TRAMPLED"

YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT, COPS! SEND THEM OUT-- OR I COME IN AFTER 'EM'

VES RESPONDS FROM THE WINDOW:

NO ULTIMATUMS, DERN-- AND NO DEALS!



AS LONG AS I'M IN CHARGE,
WE HANDLE THINGS THE RIGHT
WAY-- BY THE BOOK!

YOUR BOOK
HAS TOO MANY
PAGES, VESS--

-- TOO MANY
SO-CALLED RULES
AND REGULATIONS!



WITH GARBAGE
LIKE BIG BOSS,
MY WAY IS THE
ONLY WAY!

NO! I REJECT
THAT! I WILL NOT
SURRENDER MY
PRINCIPLES--OR
ABANDON MY
DUTIES!



ANIMALS LIKE BIG BOSS
DON'T RECOGNIZE
PRINCIPLES OR DUTY!

I'M THE
ONE WHO'S
GOT THEM
ON THE RUN!
WHERE HAVE
YOU GOT
THEM--?

HIDING
BEHIND YOUR
NIGHTSTICKS!

WE...WE'VE AT
LEAST HELD THEM...
IN CHECK...



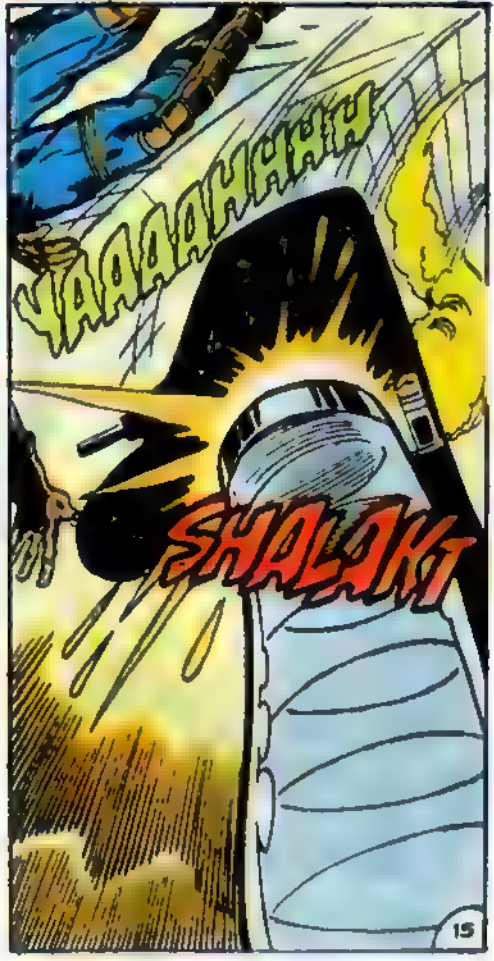
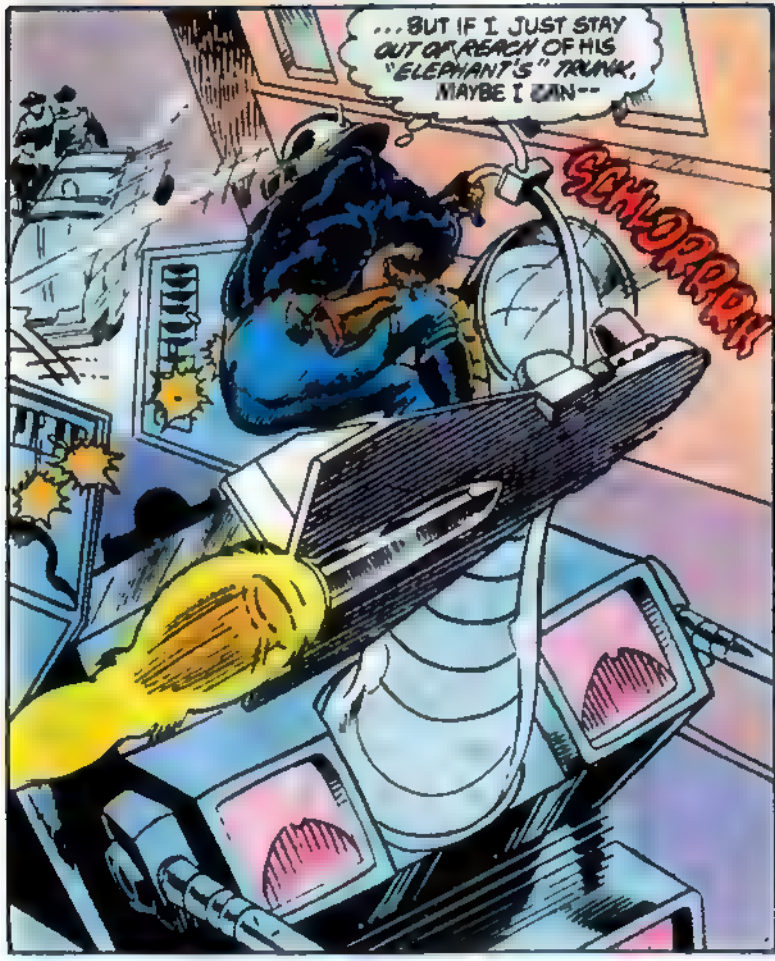
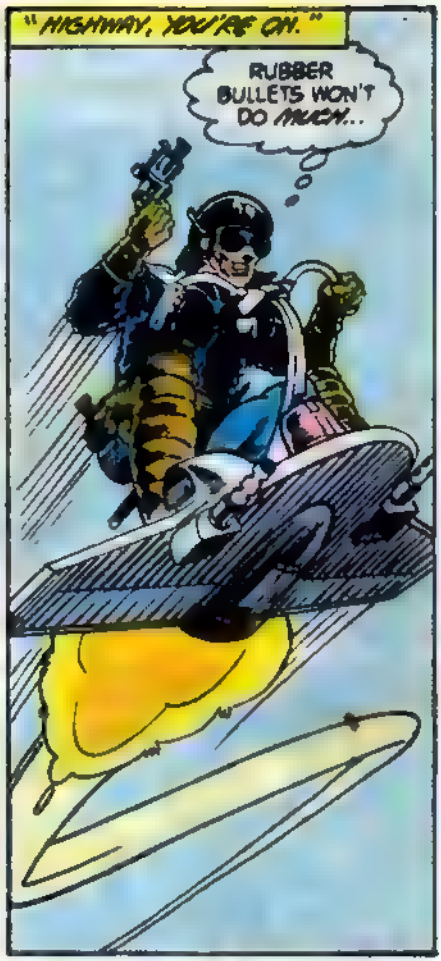
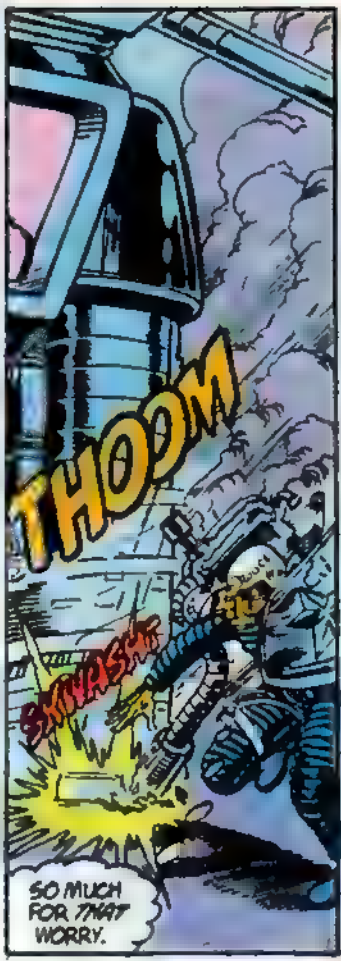
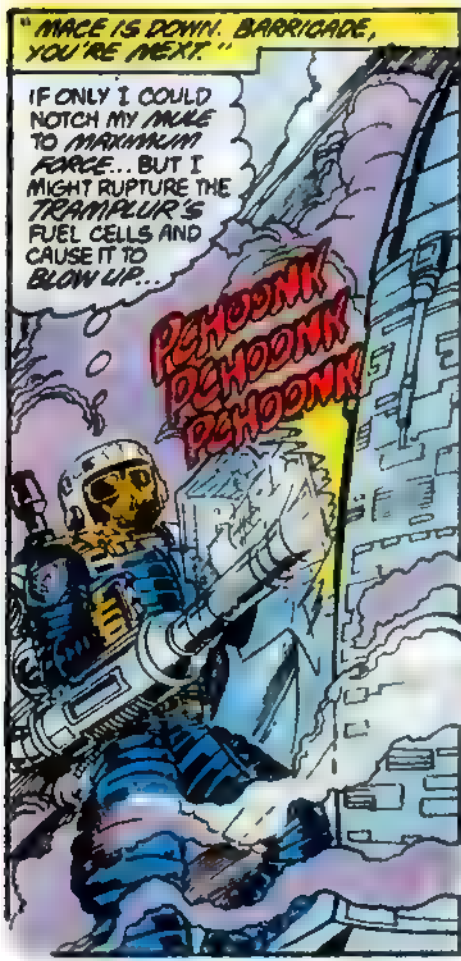
AND ME, VESS, I
SETTLE FOR NOTHING
LESS THAN CHECK
AND MATE!

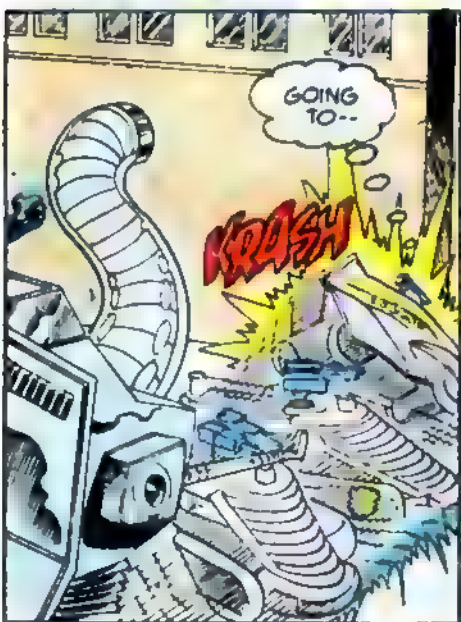
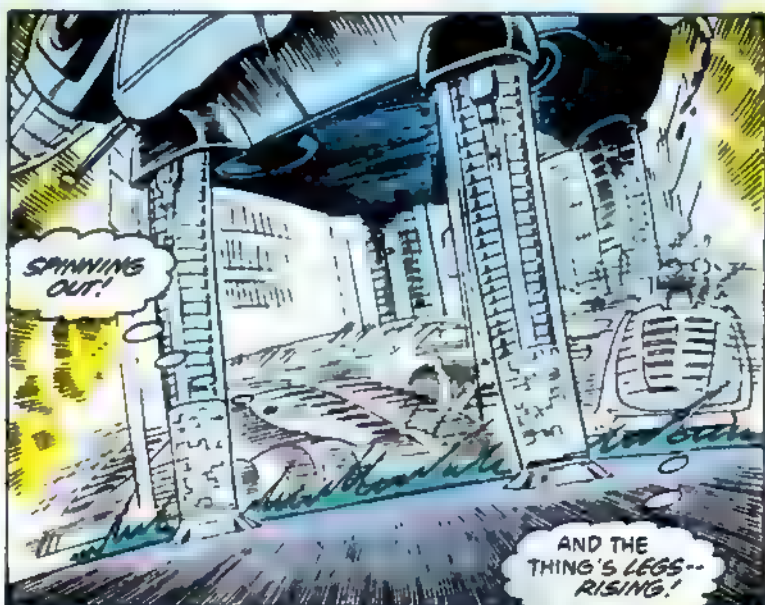
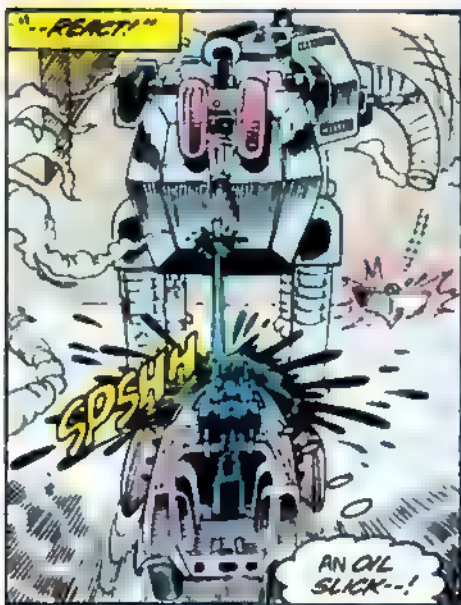
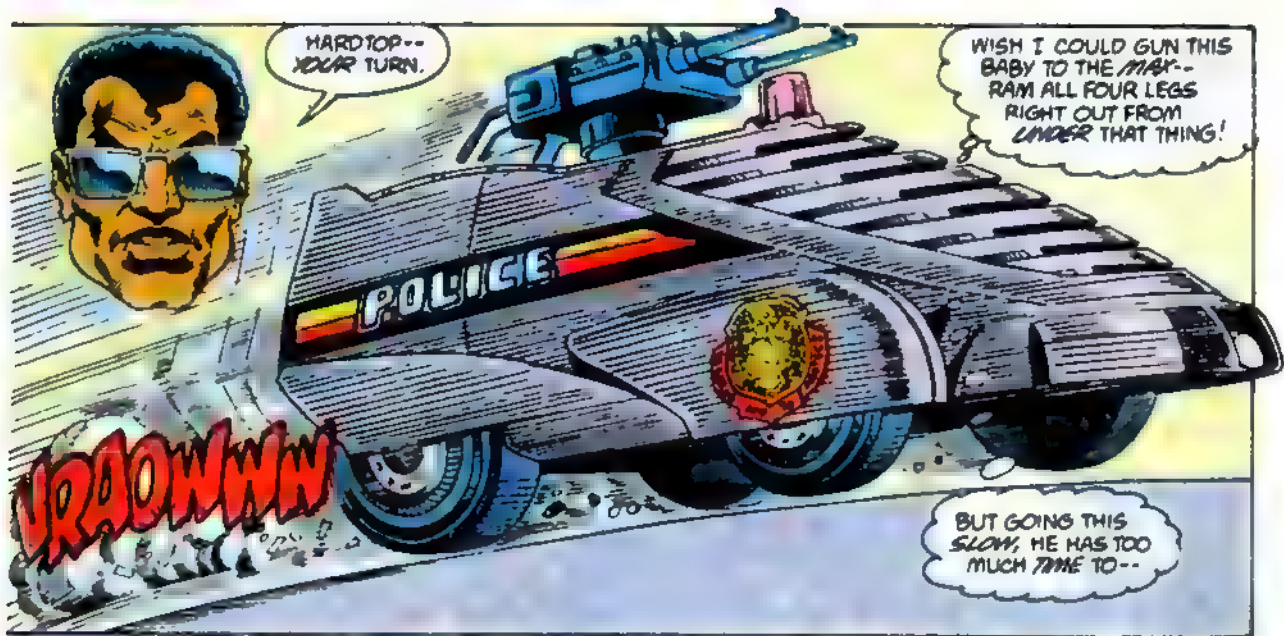
LET ME END IT
FOR YOU--AND
THEN YOU CAN
RELAX...



...AND GO BACK TO SOMETHING
MORE YOUR SPEED--LIKE
HANDING OUT PARKING
TICKETS!







BUT AS THE AIR-RAID HELICOPTER SWOOPS DOWN FROM THE FREIGHT ROOF...

CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO USE THE MASHA-LOCK, VESS! IF THAT WATER STREAM HITS MY ROTORS, I'LL STALL...

... BUT IF YOU'D JUST LET ME DROP A CONCUSSION-BOMB--

TOO DANGEROUS, BULLSEYE-- JUST HOLD YOUR POSITION!

LOOKS LIKE COPS AREN'T DOING TOO GOOD...

THEY'RE DOIN' THE BEST, PAL! THEY COULD BLOW HIM AWAY IN FIVE SECONDS IF THEY WANTED TO--

-- BUT THAT ROGUE KNOWS THEY WON'T.

CONSUM... SUNDOWN... BOMBER... IT'S COME DOWN TO US.

DON'T FORGET BLITZ, SIR.

OR ME, SIR.

BEING "POLITE" ONLY GOES SO FAR... BUT DON'T WORRY-- I ORDNANCED RUBBER BULLETS ONLY.

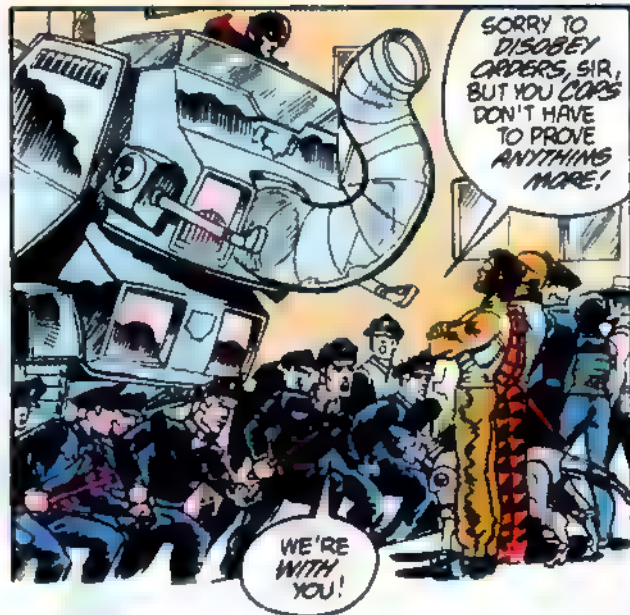
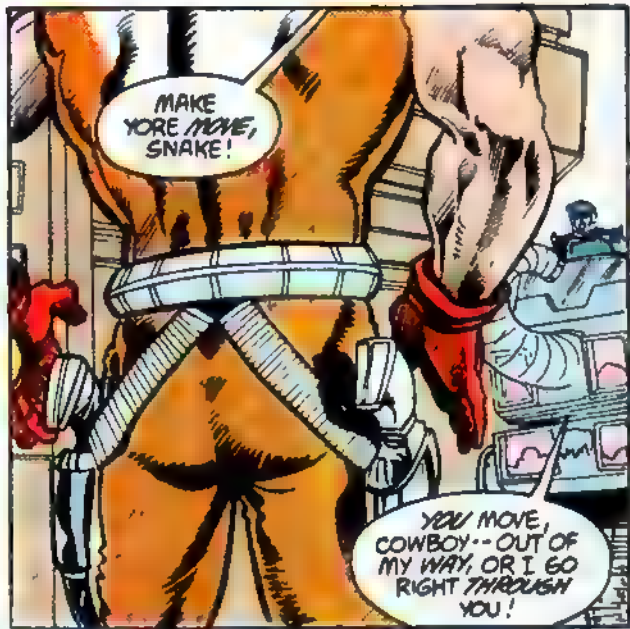
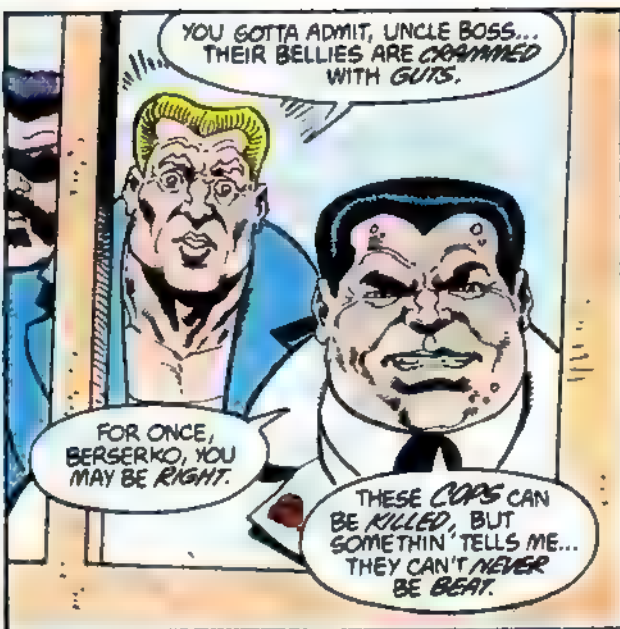
ALL RIGHT, MAINFRAME...

... THEN LET'S DO IT.

PAXTON DERN, I ORDER YOU TO--

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU MAY BE BULLETARROCK, VESS, BUT YOU'RE NOT CRUSH-PROOF!

YOU THINK YOU CAN STEP ON US, ROGUE... WE'RE READY!





YOU FOOLS!

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE STENCH!

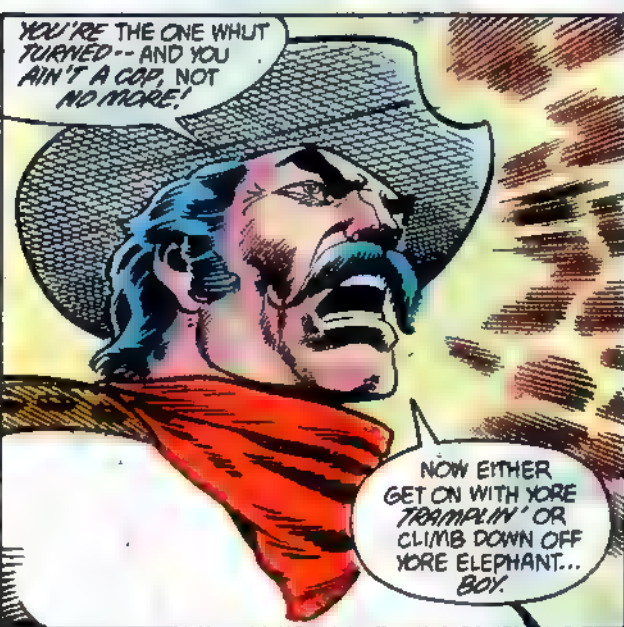
YOU HAVE TO DEAL WITH TRASH LIKE BIG BOSS DAY IN AND DAY OUT! ALL OF YOU! DO YOU WANT TO DO IT HAND-CLIFFED FOREVER?!



IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO KEEP FROM BEING A DISGRACE LIKE YOU...

...YES!

FELLOW COPS... AND YOU'RE TURNING ON ME...



YOU'RE THE ONE WHUT TURNED-- AND YOU AIN'T A COP, NOT NO MORE!

NOW EITHER GET ON WITH YORE TRAMPIN' OR CLIMB DOWN OFF YORE ELEPHANT... BOY.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT...

INSANE!

I'M BETTER THAN ALL OF YOU...

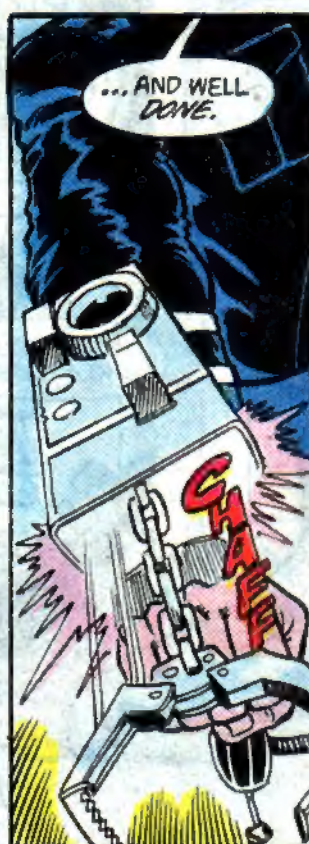
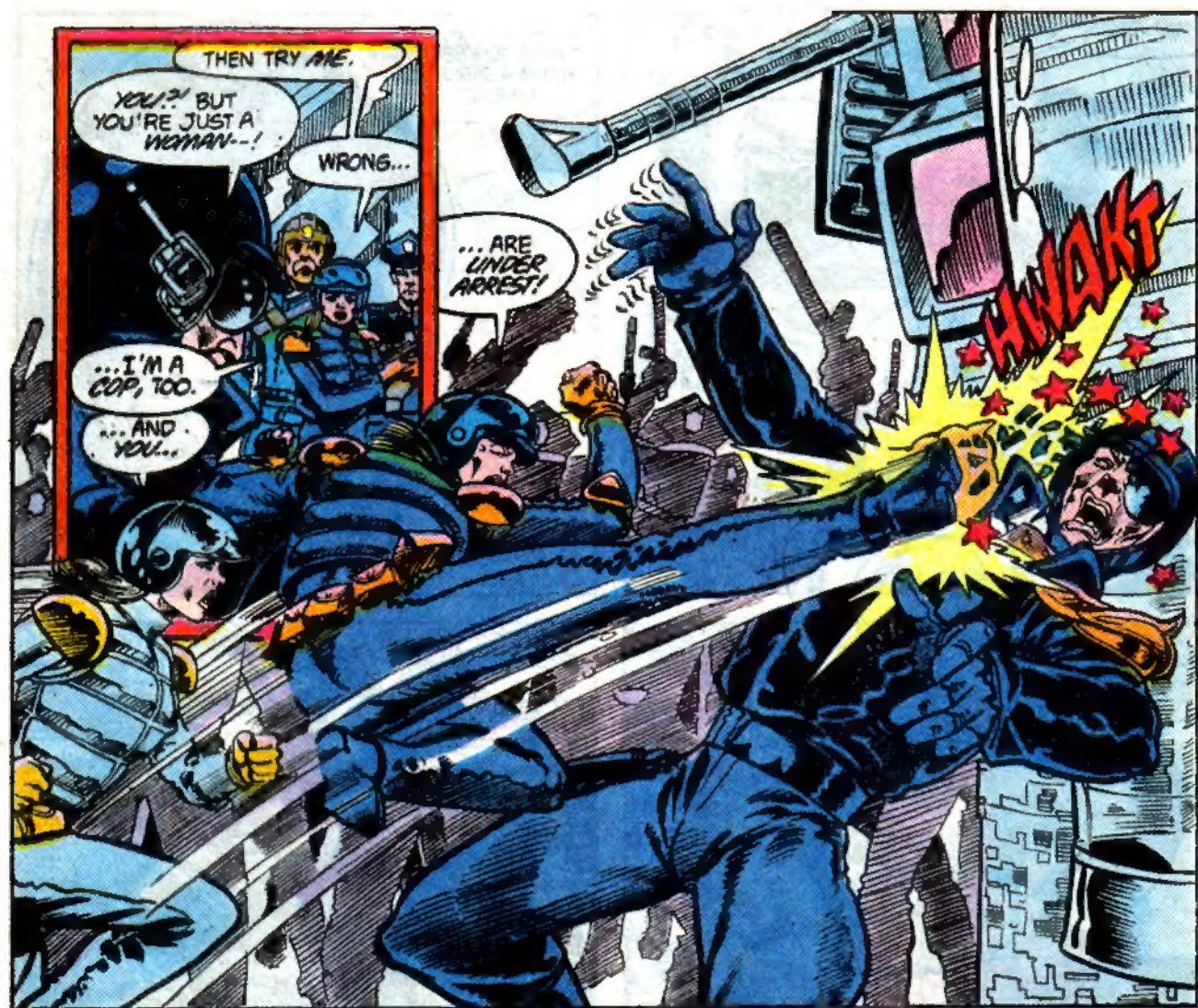


IF YOU REALLY THINK SO, DEERN, NOW THAT WE'RE ALL ON EVEN FOOTINGS... YOU STILL WANT TO TAKE ONE OF US ON?



ANY OF YOU, DOGFACE!

ALL OF YOU-- ONE BY ONE!



COPS! COPS! COPS! COPS!



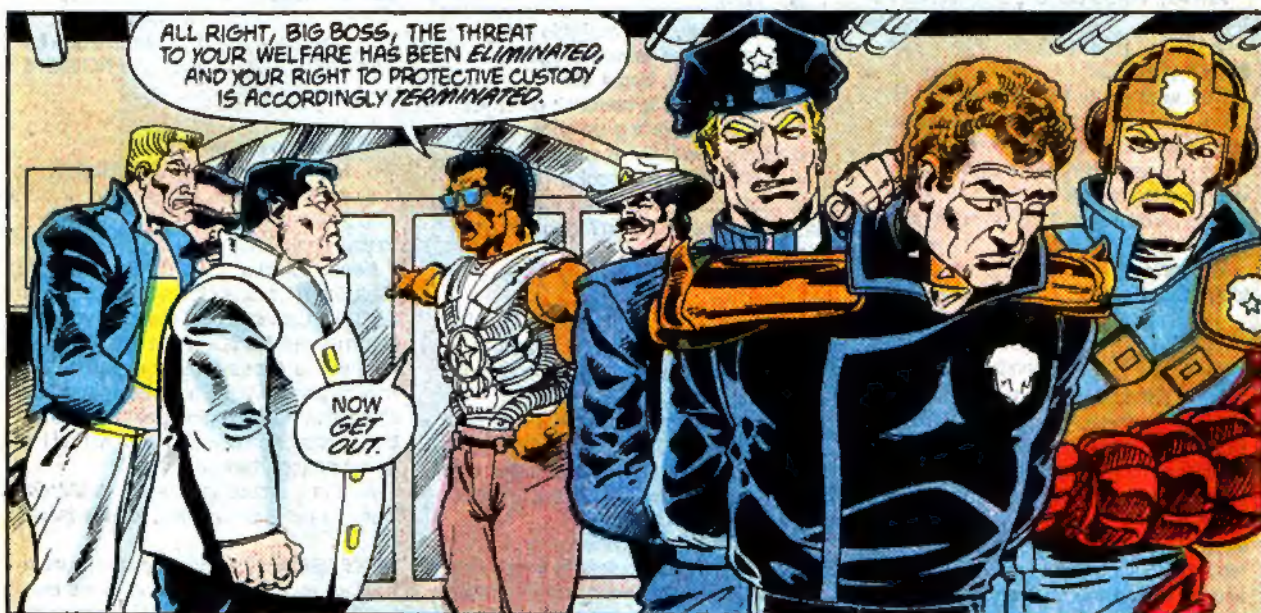
GEE, MAYBE DESE COPS
GOT SOMETHIN' WE
DON'T, UNC?

**COPS!
COPS!
COPS!**

YEAH... AN'
I ALWAYS THOUGHT
IT WAS JUST LOW-
PAYIN' JOBS.

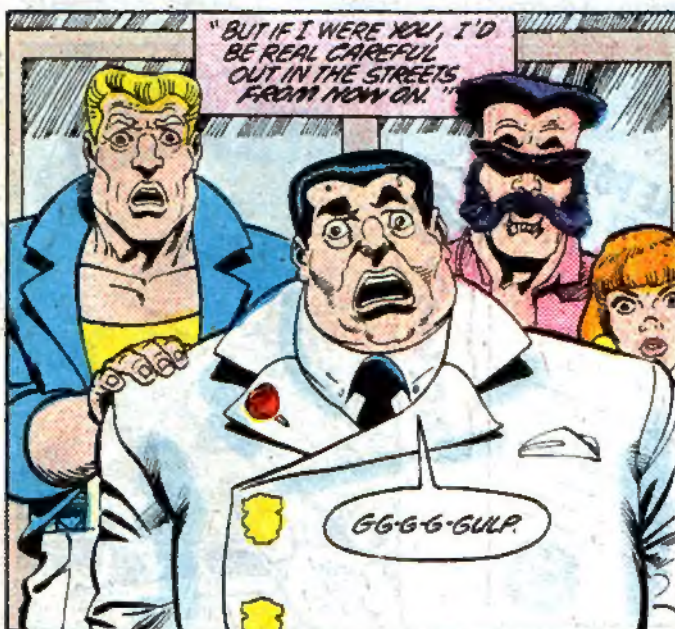
ALL RIGHT, BIG BOSS, THE THREAT
TO YOUR WELFARE HAS BEEN *ELIMINATED*,
AND YOUR RIGHT TO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY
IS ACCORDINGLY *TERMINATED*.

NOW
GET
OUT.



"BUT IF I WERE YOU, I'D
BE REAL CAREFUL
OUT IN THE STREETS
FROM NOW ON."

GG-G-G-GULP.



THE GANTLET HAS REFORMED.



NEXT: MACE VS. ROCK KRUSHER!

L#-3554

MISTER MIRACLE

1ST ISSUE

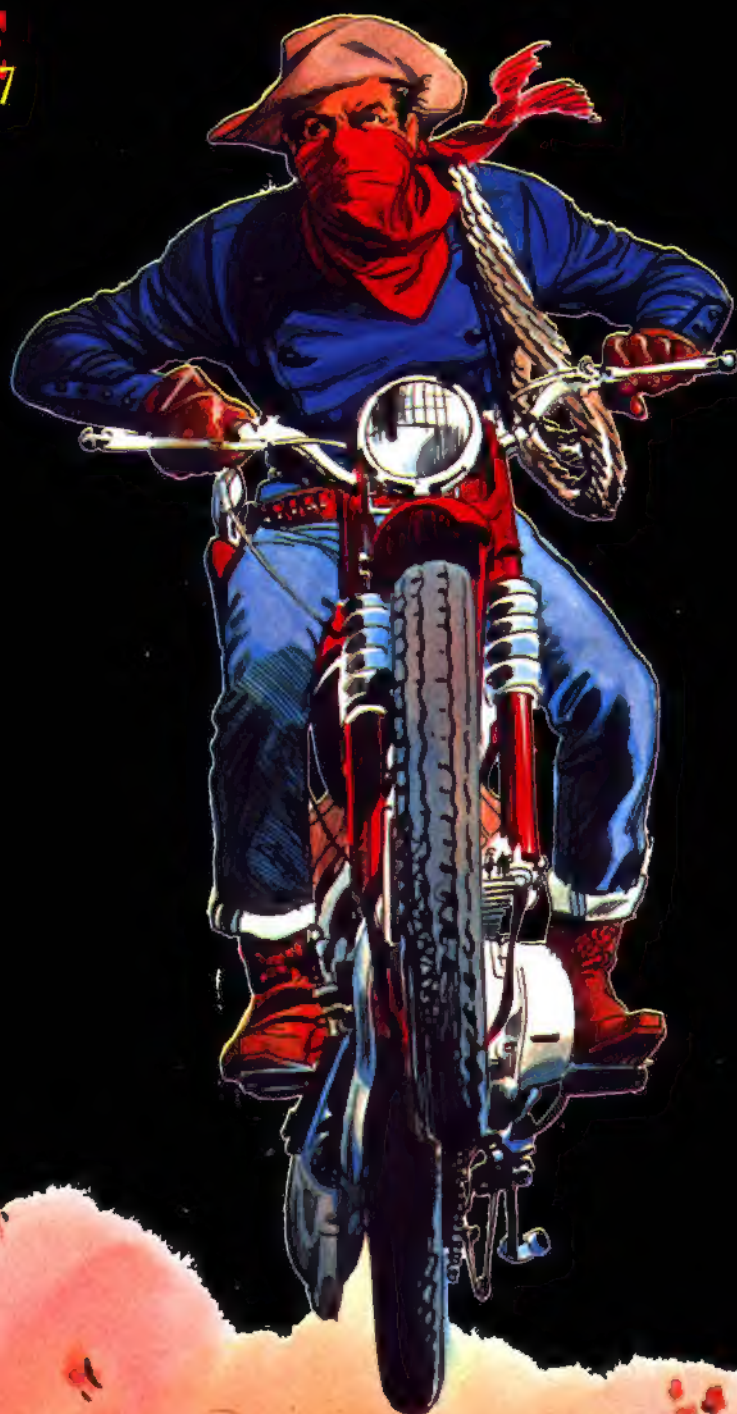
NOW ON SALE!

A

VIGILANTE

407

Scan



SPAT MURDER